

MEDIUM KEY

*A Beautiful Touching Song*



# MY MOTHERS KISS

(WAS SWEETER THAN THEM ALL)



WRITTEN BY

**S.G. SMITH**



The Music by

**FRANK EBORALL**



Price 50¢

PUBLISHERS

**SMITH AND EBORALL**  
TORONTO CANADA

# 2 My Mother's Kiss Was Sweeter Than Them All

Written by S. G. Smith

Valse Lento

Music by Frank Eborall

PIANO

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in 3/4 time, marked *mf* (mezzo-forte). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The introduction features a series of chords and single notes in both hands. Following the introduction, the vocal melody enters on a treble clef staff, marked *mp* (mezzo-piano). The piano accompaniment continues on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are written below the vocal staff, with three verses provided. The music is a waltz, indicated by the 3/4 time signature and the title 'Valse Lento'. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings.

*mf*

*mp*

*rall.*

1. The dew - drop kiss'd the Sham-rock, the sun - shine  
 2. The fields I used to walk in, the brook that  
 3. Those hap - py hours have fleet - ed, their mem - ries

kiss'd the Rose, The moon - beams kiss'd the Vi - o -  
 wends it's way, The gar - den rich with ver - dure  
 cling to me, Just like a dream that van - ish -

let, in ev - 'ry place it grows, As ro - ses  
 sweet, in which I used to stray, Was then to  
 es, those by - gone mo - ments seem, The ten - der

sweet with frag - rance, — cling like I - vy to the wall, —  
 me a gran - deur, — in the sum - mer, spring or fall, —  
 re - col - lec - tions — of my Mo - ther's lov - ing call,

— Yet still to me my Mo - ther's kiss was sweet - er  
 — But still to me my Mo - ther's kiss was sweet - er  
 My ach - ing heart is long - ing for the sweet - est

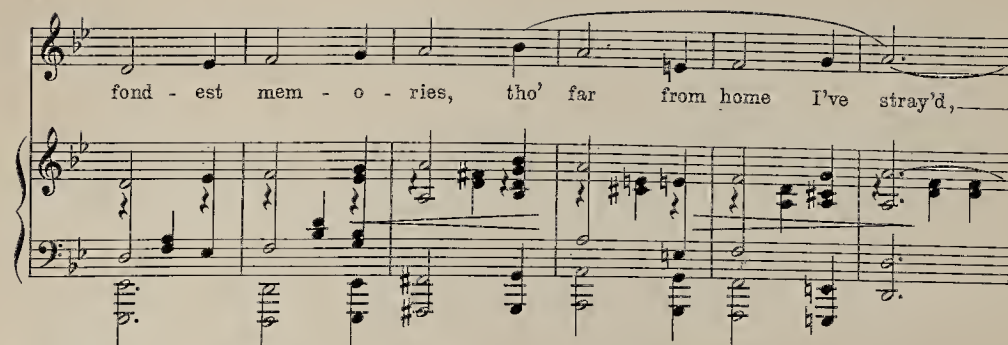
## CHORUS

than them all. — Oh child - hood's hap - py mo - ments —  
 than them all. —  
 kiss of all. —

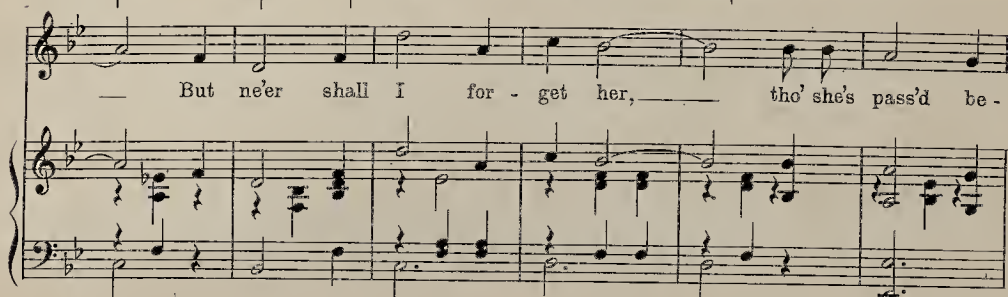
— and girl - hood's joy - ous days, — Bring back the  
 boy - hood's



fond - est mem - o - ries, tho' far from home I've stray'd, —



— But ne'er shall I for - get her, — tho' she's pass'd be -



yond re - call, — So still to me my Mo - ther's

*rall.*



kiss was sweet-er than them all. —

*p*

*D. S.*

